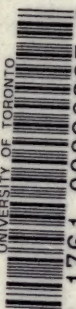


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SHREWSBURY FABLES



SHREWSBURY FABLES

BEING ADDRESSES GIVEN IN
SHREWSBURY SCHOOL CHAPEL

BY

CYRIL ALINGTON

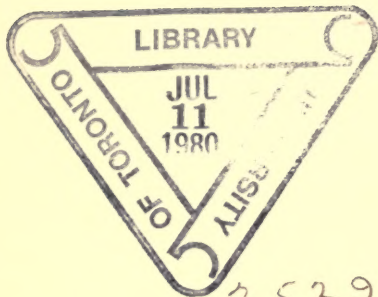
HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE
SOMETIME HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL



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TO
ALL WHO LOVE SHREWSBURY
WHETHER MASTERS OR BOYS
LIVING OR DEAD

PREFACE

IT has been the custom at Shrewsbury, during my Head Mastership, that a short informal address should be given at the Evening Service. This volume contains the addresses given, during the last four or five years, on two annual occasions—Confirmation Sunday and the end of the Summer Term. They have been printed at the request of some Salopians, and it is hoped that any other readers will find in these facts of their history an excuse for the sameness of the themes. The Appendix is perhaps of even more purely local interest.

C. A. ALINGTON.

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SHREWSBURY FABLES

A FABLE ¹

November 26, 1912.

THERE was a bitter dispute going on in the Grate; the Paper, the Wood, and the Coal were all quarrelling, for each maintained that he was the most important part of the fire.

“There cannot really be much doubt about it,” said the Paper; “they would not have put me outside if they hadn’t known I was the best looking, and besides that, I have connections with high intellectual circles. Why, a brother of mine was a Novel only the other day, and I have several cousins who are quite respectable Poems.” The Paper was really a bit of newspaper; and that, no doubt, accounted for its arrogance.

“How absurd it is to hear you talk!” said the Wood, “as if a flimsy thing like Paper could really be of any value; and as for respectable

¹ This and the two fables which follow have already been printed in an appendix to my book, *A Schoolmaster’s Apology*.

connections—well, I may not be much to look at now, but if you had seen my home in the forest before we came down in the world, you'd know what beauty was. And I suppose even you have heard of the wooden walls of Old England. Why, we were the backbone of the country."

"How out of date you are!" said the Coal; "everybody knows nowadays that the strength of the nation depends on its coal, and if you knew the trouble people take to get me, living underground for years, you'd have some idea what was meant by value. Besides, I'm older than you, and must know better."

"Oh, do be quiet," said the Grate, which had heard this sort of thing very often before. "None of you could get on without the other; besides, you aren't even a fire yet." "Not a fire!" cried the other three indignantly; "what on earth can you mean?" "Wait and see," said the Grate. And sure enough, just at that moment, the housemaid put a match to the Paper.

"Well, at any rate there's no doubt about it now," said the Paper, as it flared up triumphantly. "Don't you see what a tremendous compliment I have had paid me?" "What's it like?" said the Wood, which was a little interested in

spite of itself; "doesn't it hurt rather?" "Oh no," said the Paper; "or well, just a little," it added honestly, "but it's worth it all the same!" it cried as it leapt up the chimney in fire.

"Well, thank goodness, we shan't have any more bother with that Paper," said the Wood. "Don't be so certain," said the Grate; and sure enough, at that moment the Wood began to feel some curious sensations. It began to crackle and glow. "Why, I'm on fire too," it said, with something of dismay in its voice. "That comes of keeping such shocking company," said the Coal; "now if you were a really solid and respectable person like me"—"I'm on fire, I'm on fire!" cried the Wood, and it followed the Paper exultingly up the chimney.

"Do you know," said the Coal to the Grate, "I'm really beginning to feel a little uncomfortable myself; what do you think can be the matter with me?" "Why, you have caught at last," said the Grate. "I really believe I have," said the Coal, "and I'm not sure that it's so unpleasant after all."

There was silence for a few minutes while the Coal began to glow and slowly pass into a blaze. "Do you know what is the use of it all?" asked the Coal. "I am not quite sure that I do," said the Grate, "but sometimes somebody comes

and warms himself at the fire, and it is he who not only made the fire but made me as well : and somehow, though I cannot explain it, when he is pleased, I feel as if we had all done what we were meant to do. I made a little song about it the other day : I don't know if you would care to hear it ? ” But the Coal was too much occupied to pay any attention, so the Grate had to sing its song to itself. And this was the song which it sang—

“ Thou that hast made us all, Paper and Coal and Wood,
Lo, we have heard thy call ; lo, we have understood.
Paper that flares and goes, Wood that crackles in flame,
Coal that abides and glows, surely their end is the same.
All that we have we give, giving we know not why,
Not for ourselves we live, and not to ourselves we die.
Not to ourselves we die, fulfilling our Lord's desire ;
Coal, Wood, Paper, and I, we have made our Master's fire.”

COACH MONEY

July 27, 1913.

IN the early hours of this morning I had rather a curious dream, of which I will try to tell you as much as I can remember.

My mind must have been running on Examinations, for I found myself in a very large Hall in which there were a great number of single desks with some one writing busily at each. It was rather a shock to me to discover that the writers were Angels, for one does not associate Angels with Examinations. But I soon saw that the Examination was not of an ordinary kind. Each of the Angels was engaged in copying entries into a book from a very mixed lot of material at his side. There were old Exercises, and Cricket Scores, and Boating Cards, and notes of conversations taken by a kind of silent gramophone, and all the entries were being busily made up in a large book. I had the curiosity to count the numbers in the room, and when I found it was 380, I had no longer any doubt that I was in the

presence of the Guardian Angels of this School, making up their books for the term.

I noticed that one of them seemed to have finished his work, so I went up to ask him to explain what was going on. "It is really quite simple," he said; "we are only making up the term's records." "But what do you put in the books?" said I. "Oh, everything," he said; "the things they do, and the things they say: but what really takes up most of the time is putting down the things they think. That's why I have got so little to do just now," he added, "for my young gentleman hardly thinks at all just yet." And he showed me the name on the outside of his book. "I suppose you put the good on one side and the bad on the other," I said, "and balance up at the end of the term?" "No," he said, "it is really not quite so simple as that; we aren't allowed to balance up the accounts ourselves, and it's only at the end of their time that it is really settled up; when they come for their Journey Money, you know." "Journey Money?" said I; "but where are they going to? And how do they get there?" "What an absurd question!" he said; "of course they're going home to God; doesn't one of the Hymns say something like that? But how far they go, and how fast they go, that

of course depends on the amount of Journey Money they take away from here. But I see they are just getting ready to give it out, so you had better come and look."

And sure enough there was a movement at the far end of the Hall; about fifty of the Angels brought up all their books, and some of them had a very heavy load of volumes. The books were rapidly tested by some process that I could not understand, and then their value was paid down to the Guardian Angel who stood waiting rather anxiously to see what his charge had earned.

Just at the moment when I looked at them I saw an Angel receiving a large pile of Copper in return for a great set of volumes that he had handed in. I noticed that he looked rather disappointed, and asked my friend the reason. "You get paid in Copper for all the things you've done to please yourself," he said. "I expect that would be one of those Athletes, or else one of the Scholars; they are as bad as one another," he went on, "always inclined to think about themselves." I had noticed that the boy in his charge was by no means distinguished in any way, so I was rather amused at his attitude towards the dangers of success.

"And who gets paid in Silver?" I asked.

“ Oh, those are the people who have done what they have done for the sake of the School ; you’d be surprised to see what a lot of Silver money there is paid over every year. I am trying to get my young man to see the value of that, but it’s rather slow work,” he went on gloomily, “ when the fellow won’t think at all.”

“ And what about the Gold ? ” I asked, to change the subject. “ Ah, the Gold,” he said, and a change came over his voice as he spoke ; “ that’s something worth getting. Of course we see a lot of Gold in Heaven, but somehow I think it’s not so fine as this Gold you human beings get. We haven’t got the same chances, you know.” And he hummed under his breath a line or two of a Hymn, and I thought I caught the words—

“ A song which even Angels can never, never sing ;
We know not Christ as Saviour, but worship Him as King.”

“ But can’t they exchange their money ? ” said I. “ Oh yes, you can exchange the Silver for Gold,” he said, “ but you can’t do anything with the Copper. We’re bimetallists up here,” he went on with a smile. “ But come and see the Luggage they have to take with them.” And we passed into another room where the fifty Angels were busy packing up. Some had

hardly any luggage at all. They had laid aside every weight, as my guide explained to me. But others had a very curious collection of things. There were some with childish toys, and old suits of clothes that their owners had long outgrown, but they would not part with them, and so they had all to be packed. And there was one poor Angel whom I noticed rather sadly filling a bag with mud, for the boy had got into the habit of making mud pies, and he could not be persuaded to leave the materials of his game behind him.

They were all nearly ready to start when rather a bustling Angel pushed his way through the crowd. I think he must have belonged to another school which had broken up early, for no one seemed quite to know him, though he was very ready with good advice. "Aren't you going to give them anything to read on the journey?" he said. "I always give my people a sermon or two to read on the way." "Our people have got their Coat of Arms and their Motto," said one of the Shrewsbury Angels, "and I think that's enough." "It doesn't sound much," said the stranger. "No," said the other, "but it carries you a good long way if you understand it properly; for the lions will teach them to be brave, and the lilies will teach

them to be clean, while the Motto has got the whole root of the matter in it." "Let me hear it," said the stranger. "It is *Intus si recte ne labora*," said the Angel, "and there are two translations of it given. The first is, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' But there is another and rather freer translation which I think better myself, and that is, 'For them that love God all things work together for good.' "

AN ARGUMENT

November 23, 1913.

I HAPPENED to be in Chapel this morning rather early, when I became conscious that though there was nobody else but me there, there was a conversation going on. You know how often when you are in an empty building you hear the seats creaking for no apparent reason, and how little it generally seems to mean. But this morning I was able to make out what they were saying, and I will give you the conversation as I heard it.

I had evidently broken in on the middle of a rather animated discussion, for the first thing I heard was the Seats in the Body of the Chapel saying: "Well, of course I quite see that it's not your fault; you are made of Pitch Pine, and it's quite right that you should make the best of it, but nothing will ever persuade me that a Pitch Pine seat is nearly as good as an Oak one. When all's said and done, it *is* a fine thing to come of a good family, and I am proud of being English; you can't help coming from Norway,

but it is a disadvantage, and that's all there is to be said."

The Pitch Pine Seats had a rather mincing way of talking—"It comes from all that over polish," I heard the Oak Seats mutter to themselves)—but they had no doubt about the goodness of their case. "We do the best we can," they said, "and that's all a seat can do. You don't suppose a *man* thinks more of himself because he happens to be born of an old family, do you?"

"Oh, don't they?" said the Oak Seats. "You ask the Organ; it has more to do with men than most of us, and knows more about them. *Do* men think more of themselves because they are well-born?"

"I'm afraid they very often do," said the Organ; "but they are quite wrong to do so," he added; but after all he had a Pitch Pine case himself, so he was naturally a little prejudiced.

"I was right, I told you so," said both the Pitch Pine Seats and the Oak Seats together.

"It is not so much a matter of the material you are made of," said the Choir Stalls, "as the use to which you are put. Some kinds of work are obviously higher than others; now when I was in Manchester Cathedral I used to see a Dean every day and a Bishop every now and then."

“Quite right,” the Chair in the Chancel said; “and talking of Bishops, I wonder if you know what’s going to happen to me to-day?”

“I don’t see what that’s got to do with it,” said the Stalls at the Other End. “A Bishop is only a man after all, and to say a seat is made better because of the person who happens to sit in it is like saying that one man is better than another because he happens to have a fortune left him. Good work’s good work, and it doesn’t much matter what work it is or how it’s paid, so long as you do your best.”

“Hear, hear,” said a lot of small voices proceeding from the Hassocks, who seemed to represent the democratic part of the community.

“I don’t think,” said the Choir Stalls, “that you quite appreciate the difference between work that is strictly religious and ordinary work. Now in Manchester Cathedral——”

“Oh, stop talking about Manchester Cathedral,” said the Stalls at the Other End. “I suppose you will tell me next that all clergymen are better than all laymen; ask the Organ what it thinks about *that*.”

“Perhaps they ought to be,” said the Organ, “but they very seldom are.”

“My dear children,” said the Screen, which had been listening with rather a patient smile

to all the conversation, "when you have lived in the world as long as I have and in as many different places, you'll understand that it is rather absurd to talk of one kind of life being better than another. Of course there is such a thing as being beautiful; I don't know if you ever happened to observe my carving; that's the kind of thing which really does make a difference to one's life."

"I suppose *you* think," said the Bishop's Chair, which was rather sulky at having been snubbed, "I suppose *you* think that a man with a handsome body is better than a man with a plain face? I should like to know what the Organ thinks about that."

"Beauty is a very delightful thing," said the Organ, which hoped some day to have a Screen of its own, "but of course it is not the only thing by any means," it went on hurriedly before its case had time to interrupt.

"What's that you're saying about beauty?" asked one of the Stained Glass Windows, which woke up suddenly as the light came through it. "Of course beauty is the thing that matters. Why, I was saying that only the other day to the Plain Glass Window on the other side of the Chapel: 'Anybody could see through you,' I said."

“Yes, and what *I* said,” said the Plain Glass Window, “was, It doesn’t matter people seeing through you, provided they see nice things on the other side. Now, through me you see Nature, and that’s better than all your artistic colours.”

The Flowers had been silent all the time, for, after all, they were only visitors, but at this they could not help giving a little applause. “Yes, yes,” they said, “Nature’s better than Art after all.” The Stained Glass Window blushed with anger. “I like your talking about Nature,” it cried; “where would you be if you hadn’t been cultivated?” Before the Flowers had time to think of the right answer——

“Hush, hush,” said the Pulpit, “I think the Chapel is going to say something.”

And sure enough I heard a deep voice, though I could not tell exactly where it came from; but it was evidently a voice to which the rest were bound to listen, and, as became its dignity, it spoke in metre——

“English Oak and Norway Pine,
Wrangle not before the Shrine,
Marring thus a work Divine.

Vile and common, rich and rare,
Yet they all one service share,
Seeing all God’s creatures are.

Stones that live and flowers that die,
Are they not one company
Serving the one Lord on high ?

Brick and wood and glass and stone
Serve their God, yet not alone,
For the Lord their God is one.

So may all that day by day
Gather in this House to pray
Serve together even as they ! ”

There was a silence when the Chapel had finished speaking, and then the Organ began very softly to play a chord or two. Every one seemed to know the words : though the tune, at any rate, was familiar, the words were strange to me, and yet they all joined in, the Hassocks in a rather squeaky treble, though evidently very anxious not to be left out—

“ Praise, praise, O world, the God of love,
Praise Him, ye sun and moon above,
Praise Him, all creatures upon earth,
Praise Him, ye things of little worth.

But most of all, ye sons of men,
Who come and go and come again,
Teach ye these walls to sound His praise,
And serve and love Him all your days.”

As the chant died away I heard a cry from the Antechapel : “ Look out,” said the Door, “ there’s some one coming ; ” and everything had become quite quiet again when the first boy came in and knelt down to say his prayers.

A DREAM

July 19, 1914.

I DARESAY you've seen the account of the latest new invention : it's called the Telephotograph, or something of that kind, and it enables you to see things at a distance whether they want you to see them or not. At least that's how I understand it, and I remember thinking when I read the account that it sounded a very impertinent invention. Well, I suppose it's the result of being very unmechanical, but I am sometimes persecuted by mechanical dreams, and the other night I found myself sitting in my study and arguing with a stranger about this abominable machine. As so often happens, the dream began in the middle, and I found myself saying, "It isn't distance in space that matters, it's distance in time : if you could make one look backward or forward over the years, that would be worth having."

"My dear fellow," he said, "you don't want an invention for that ; you'll find it in all the

books already." And he began quoting from Henry Newbolt, the bit about the man who was going to be killed by the Afghans—

"He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.'

"Or here's another bit," he went on, "which you'll like better; it's a man down with fever in India—

'And lo, in a moment
The landscape is changed,
And I am no longer
Alone and estranged;
And I stand at the gate
Of the homely red wall,
And gaze down the court,
At the School-room and Hall,
At the sober grey Chapel,
The houses, the limes,
And straightway fall dreaming
Of happy old times:
Of soft summer mornings . . .'

Now I happen to know that old gate, for it was the gate of my own old School, but I was rather annoyed with his trying to put me off with poetry, so "Oh, I don't mean that," I interrupted; "every one thinks of his past life when he's dying, and every one has dreams when he's delirious: I want something which will make

you see the past again when you are quite normal and ordinary."

"Well, there's nothing very difficult about that," he said: "just try looking to your right front the next time you are in Chapel and see what you see."

And then, in the absurd way that things happen in dreams, I found myself in Chapel and found myself looking at my right front, and saw the Tablet to Charlie Havers who died here just after the Bumping Races in '89. And as I looked at it I saw a good deal. I saw him as I used to know him at our Private School, and I saw his younger brother and myself going in first together, and I saw, if you won't mind my telling you, the great day when we made fifty for no wickets, and we both got out and we found we had made exactly twenty-five apiece; and I saw a good deal more which would be rather tiresome to you if I were to tell it, and then I found myself back in the room with the strange man looking at me and laughing; and I was rather ashamed of myself for having been proved in the wrong, so I said, "That's all very well, but it's no good just seeing things: I want to hear people's voices as they used to be: it's not half real unless one does that."

"Oh, if that's what you want," said he, "I've

got just the thing for you : it's called the Photophonograph, quite an old thing though we've brought it up to date ; but you must give me something to fix it on. Some old photographs will do, or a copy of the School paper."

So I rummaged about and fetched a photograph or two and some bound copies of the Marlburian, and he took them in his hands and said, "Now shut your eyes a minute, and I'll repeat a little poem to you to put you in the right frame of mind." So I shut my eyes and he began saying over quite softly a poem that I know quite well, and I hope you do too—

" In a wild moraine of forgotten books,
On the glacier of years gone by,
As I plied my rake for order's sake,
There was one that caught my eye ;
And I sat by the shelf till I lost myself,
And roamed in a crowded mist,
And heard lost voices and saw lost looks,
As I pored on an old School List."

"That'll do," he said quietly, when he had gone through a verse or two, "you can open your eyes now." So I opened my eyes and I looked at the photographs of the two people I had known best at School, and sure enough as I looked I heard some voices I never expected to hear again. There was a fellow with whom I

shared a study for two years, and I heard ourselves arguing just as we used to do, for he was a mathematician and very obstinate, about the date of the creation of the world and why our Housemaster didn't like us. And I heard him explaining, for he was Captain of the Shooting VIII., what bad luck it was that we hadn't won the Ashburton Shield. And I heard a fellow who was in the Eleven with me, and rather stupid, ragging with me on the cricket ground and saying, "What rot!" whenever I tried to be at all clever. And I heard what he said when he beat me in the Final at Fives, and what he said when we won the School Rackets together. And just then I realized that my unknown friend was going on with the poem and he had got to the last verse—

"There were two good fellows I used to know,
—How distant it all appears!
We played together in football weather,
And messed together for years:
Those times are fled, and they're both of them dead
So long that they're hardly missed
Save by us, who messed with them years ago:
But we're all in the old School List."

And I jumped up and said, "You brute! you've altered that last verse. For it's quite true; one of them is buried in India and the other is buried in Berkshire. But who are you? and how do you know?" He smiled at me quite gravely, and he

said, "I know a good deal more than you think, and the reason I've come to Shrewsbury . . .". And at the word Shrewsbury I broke in and said, "Why, this is Shrewsbury, not Marlborough; and what are you doing here?" And then he told me, but what he told me about Shrewsbury I must keep, if you will let me, for next Sunday.

* * * * *

July 26, 1914.

"The reason I've come to Shrewsbury," went on my strange friend, "is just to fix up a few of these machines for those who are leaving: it's very interesting looking into the past when one can do it, or the future either. Would you care to come round the studies and see me fix the things up?"

I was getting rather impressed with what he said, but I thought I would put him to one further trial. "Did you say you could look into the future?" I asked. "Of course," he said. "And show me the future too?" I went on: "I would certainly believe in you if you could do that." "There is not the faintest difficulty about it," he answered: "would you care, for instance, to see what's going to become of the people who are leaving now?" "Of course I

should," I answered: "it would be rather exciting to see what they will be like ten years hence." "All right," said he: "where would you like to see them? In Chapel? or at Calling Over, perhaps?" "Oh, Calling Over," said I: "that's a good idea. Let's have them out on the Square and make them come up and answer their names and see if I recognize them." "Very well," said he, "just shut your eyes for a minute or two."

So I shut my eyes, and soon I seemed to hear the ringing of the bell and something like the trampling of feet outside. "They are nearly ready," said he, looking out through the window: "in what order will you have them? There are a few parsons among them, and a doctor or two, and a few soldiers, and some who look to be prosperous business men; would you like them to come up by professions or in School order?" "Well, School order will be best, I think," I said. "Are they ready for me to come out now?" "Nearly ready," said he, "but there is just one question before you go—What are you going to do about those who are absent?" "Absent?" said I. "Yes, absent," said he: "you can't quite expect them all to be there after ten years, can you?" And then he looked at me, and I looked at him, and we neither of

us spoke for a minute, though the bell went on ringing. "Perhaps it would be safer to stick to the past after all," I said. And he nodded his head. "Yes, you are all like that when it comes to the point," he said : "let's come along to the studies."

And the bell stopped ringing and the footsteps died away, and we went along to the studies, and as he went he was repeating to himself a line or two from something we have been reading in School this term :

"I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death which they possess at present. This power Prometheus has received my orders to take from them."

When we got to the studies he went to the lockers of the people who were leaving and began fixing his little machines to their books and photographs and papers, and he kept up a conversation with me all the time. "Of course, a very simple machine does for the ordinary people," he said : "it only just repeats 'Floreat Salopia' and 'Play up, School' and possibly a line or two of the Carmen. Very simple, but I have known it prove quite useful in difficulties. Here's something a little bit more personal." And he put it to my ear and I heard a lot of shouting and splashing and screaming and voices crying, 'Well

rowed, Headroom' (for, you see, it was in my own House). "There is not much variety about the athletic records," he went on: "sometimes it's clapping and sometimes it's cheering, and, of course, the names alter, but that's all. The Chapel records are rather more complicated; perhaps you'd like to hear one of them." And he gave me a Prayer Book with which he had been busying himself. At first I could hear nothing at all except a noise of feet going up the aisle, and some indistinct sounds from the organ. And then there came a line or two of a hymn, I think it was 'Hills of the North,' or perhaps 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' And then there came two or three sentences repeated over and over again with rather startling clearness: 'Ordained and commanded that one man should be helpful unto another, helpful unto another, helpful unto another;' 'your adversary the devil, like a roaring lion;' 'made strong by faith in Thee, strong by faith in Thee.'

"Well, I never should have thought he would have remembered those things," I said, for of course I knew the boy whose Prayer Book I had been holding. "I wonder if he really will remember them for long." "Oh yes," he said, "it takes a long time to wear out these machines, but you'd be surprised what a funny mixture the

records are. A text or two of a sermon, a line or two of a hymn, and very often the very last you would expect." "But I suppose they choose what they like," said I. "Choose what they like?" said he: "do you really think so? Well, try this." And he handed me a photograph, and as I listened I heard a conversation about three years old, and it wasn't a conversation which I should like to repeat or you would care to hear. "Do you think he wants to remember *that*?" he said. "Of course he doesn't, but he will; he can fight it, but he can't forget, until the machine is worn out; and they last a long time, these machines of mine." But I sat with the photograph in my hand, thinking what he would give to forget it, for I knew he had tried already and was trying still, and I suppose I can't have looked very happy, for he said, "Here's something you'll like better: this is our combined record, and they all of them take this away." And I listened to what he gave me, and it was a funny mixture of a lot of sounds. There was the noise of the mowing-machine going in the summer, and the tap of the ball against the bat at the nets, and the trees waving about in the wind, and the rooks shouting on the top of them, and the sound of a Choir Practice coming from Chapel, and a few barking dogs here and

there; and then there came the noise of the School bell and some feet hurrying down Central, and the bell seemed to get louder and louder and the feet to get faster and faster, and then the Clock struck, and with the noise of the old Clock still ringing in my ears I awoke.

THE RECRUITING OFFICE

November 22, 1914.

IT was certainly a Recruiting Office in which I found myself. There was no doubt about that. There were all the usual posters on the wall—"Your King and Country need you"—and the appeals to the Young Men of Shropshire—all ending with God save the King. And there was a man sitting at a desk in the corner busy entering some names in a book. Of course one is usually rather afraid of interrupting military people, but he looked kind-hearted, so I plucked up my courage to ask him a question or two.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but can you tell me how recruiting is getting on? I hear it hasn't been going very fast in Shropshire lately."

"Oh, I don't know," said he, putting down his pen. "It's pretty much as usual: seventy or eighty have come in from Shrewsbury to-day."

"That's rather good, isn't it?" said I. "I suppose that comes from lowering the standard a bit?"

"Oh dear, no," said he: "we never lower our standard; it's been the same for generations."

And of course I knew that wasn't quite true, but I was too polite to contradict him. So I simply said, "And what about these recruits: were they good specimens, do you think?"

"Oh yes, I think so," said he: "I don't know that they were specially clever, but they all seem pretty keen, and I think they will learn their business. Anyhow, their hearts are in the right place."

I thought this was rather an unprofessional way of looking at it, but after all it was his office and not mine, so I decided to change the subject. "I suppose what's wanted," I said, "is something like an invasion to quicken things up? If the enemy was in the country people would soon see the need."

"My dear man," said he, "the enemy's in the country right enough. We got a poster out about that years and years ago." And he handed me a copy in which my eye caught the words, "Your adversary, like a roaring lion, is going about seeking whom he may devour." It seemed to me a little profane, though I didn't like to say so. So I only asked another question.

"I suppose you mean Spies by that? And,

of course, I quite agree with you : the way these Germans——”

And then he burst out laughing. “ Oh no, I didn’t mean Germans,” he said : “ and I wonder what you think we’ve been talking about all this time ? ”

“ Why, recruiting,” said I.

“ Oh yes, recruiting,” said he, “ but recruiting what for ? ”

“ Why, the British Army, of course,” said I.

“ Oh, that’s where the mistake comes in,” said he : “ this isn’t only a local office ; I am the Recording Angel making up my books, and I was just putting down the names of those who were Confirmed this morning.”

I was rather indignant, thinking I had been made a fool of, so I said : “ I don’t think you ought to mislead one by putting up all those placards about ‘ Your King and Country need you,’ and the rest of them.”

“ Oh, come,” said he : “ that’s your own fault. You are always singing hymns about having a greater King and a better Country somewhere else, and you can’t blame us for having supposed you meant it.”

I didn’t quite know what the answer to that was, so I thought I would rather make a bold attempt to change the subject again. “ I should

rather like to ask you one or two things about Confirmation," I said: "does it really do any good? A lot of people say it doesn't."

He looked about among the papers on his desk, and when he had found what he was looking for he said: "You said you knew all about recruiting; so tell me whether this oath does any good to a recruit—

" 'I swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King George the Fifth, His Heirs and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown, and dignity against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.' "

"Of course it does," I answered at once; "a fellow must be the better for saying a thing like that—at least, of course, he is if he means it. If he doesn't mean it I don't suppose it would do him any good: in fact, he might even be the worse for taking it like that. I suppose you can't say whether he is the better or not," I ended rather lamely; "it depends on him."

"Just so," said the Recording Angel, smiling: "it's just the same with our oath too; it can't

do any one much good to tell lies, whether he tells them to God or to man."

"But a lot of the best people aren't confirmed," I went on: "I know quite a lot of awfully good people who——"

"My good fellow," he interrupted, "do you really suppose that the British Army at the present moment consists of all the best young men in the country? I haven't the least doubt that thousands of the people who look on at football matches are far superior to a lot of people who've joined: you don't join the Army because you feel good, but because you want to do your duty."

"Well, a lot of people have told me," I said, "that they never felt at all the better for it; they go on having just as many difficulties as before, and they don't always conquer them by any means."

"The other day," said he, "a recruit came to his Colonel after a month and complained bitterly that his chest hadn't got any bigger, and that he wasn't any taller than when he started. And do you know what the Colonel said?"

"No," said I.

"Nor do I," said the Recording Angel: "I made rather a point of forgetting, for I think that the Colonel was quite right to lose his

temper, but the main point of his remarks was that if the recruit thought the British Army existed for the sake of widening his chest he made a considerable mistake. He added that he was under the impression that the young man had joined the Army to try and serve his country and not to improve his own physique, and that if he couldn't grasp that idea the sooner he cleared out of it the better."

"Yes, I see that," said I, "but surely it doesn't all depend on what a fellow does for himself; he does get some good out of it, doesn't he? What is this Spirit we hear such a lot about?"

The Angel was just going to answer me when there was the sound of a bugle in the distance and he changed his mind. "Come to the window for a minute," said he; "it's a hard thing to put into words, and seeing's believing, you know." And he drew aside the blind and we looked out into the night.

I wonder if you remember what happened to Elisha's servant when the prophet prayed that his eyes should be opened. I think he must have uttered that prayer about me, for I saw, as he did, that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about. And what I saw, of course, I can't describe, for it has been described once for all in the Book of the Revela-

tion of St. John the Divine—but there were the armies in heaven on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And there was a banner at the head of the whole Army, and I don't imagine you will need to be told what that was—but I read the motto beneath it, and it was 'Greater Love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' But there were banners, too, with other inscriptions on them, and as I was looking at them, "There go the local regiments," said the Angel: "they'll interest you." And I saw the banner with the words on it, 'Thy need is greater than mine,' and side by side with it one with a picture of a wounded officer dragging a soldier into a narrow trench and putting him in the only place of safety.

"What jolly things those soldiers do," the Angel said over my shoulder: "I sometimes think they have the best of both worlds. You know what your own Shropshire poet says about them, or rather about the 53rd—

'To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The saviours come not home to-night:
Themselves they could not save.'

But you mustn't forget the rest, all the same."

And as I looked where he pointed I saw a

crowd of civilians, doctors and lawyers and parsons, men and women, masters and boys, all marching on with their heads in the same direction, and right at the tail of the procession I saw a small company of people, some of whose faces I thought I could recognize.

“Yes, they are the recruits,” he said; “they haven’t got their uniforms yet nor their rifles either, but they are learning to keep step. It’s a good tune to march to, that tune of Sullivan’s;” and he hummed a bar or two of ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers.’

“And now,” he said, shutting the window and turning round on me, “I can’t tell you how much God does for them or how much they have to do for themselves, but I know that that whole Army has one spirit in it, and I think I know Whose Spirit it is, and I know that a man or a boy is never the same when he has sworn to belong to that company and tried to be worthy of it, for it is the Blessed Company of all Faithful People.”

THE ELM AND THE RIVER

July 25, 1915.

If you sit up long enough at night looking over examination papers until your brain is thoroughly muddled and then go out for a walk you are likely to hear some strange things, and that was perhaps how I came the other night to overhear a conversation between the Trees and the River. The biggest of the Elms was talking at the moment, and by standing near the East end of the Chapel I was able to hear both sides. The Elm was evidently in a very bad temper and rustled a good deal as it spoke, but there was no doubt at all about the general drift of its remarks.

"I hate the end of the Summer term," it said; "it always seems to rain then, and I hate rain. I suppose, by the way, I oughtn't to say that, as the rain must be a kind of relation of yours."

"Oh, please don't apologize," said the River; "as a matter of fact the raindrops might be said to be children of mine, and I feel that *I* ought really to apologize for having such a large family.

But you know what children are : they're always coming back and dropping in just when one doesn't expect them."

" Well, I'm sorry," said the Elm, " and I don't want to hurt any one's feelings, but it's no good denying it, I do hate the rain. It gets into my system, and it rots my branches and they fall off, and then I shall die. I shall die, do you hear ? " it went on excitedly, waving its branches to and fro.

" I'm sure everybody will be very sorry when that happens," said the River politely.

" Sorry ? not they," said the Elm bitterly ; " there's nothing more unjust than the way people treat Elms : they like them to grow old, and then they blame them when their boughs fall off, and say it's their fault. Why, I heard a poem some boy was repeating the other day—

‘ Elm she hateth mankind and waiteth
Till every gust is laid
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyways trusts her shade.’

Just as if we were to blame for it ! And then when we die of old age they say we're rotten and don't even give us a decent funeral. Why, I saw some oak being brought in the other day from another part of the country to be buried in quite a nice house they had built for it ; and

what's *it* ever done for the place, I should like to know? But when I'm gone, I, who have been a credit to the place for thirty years, nobody will ever give me another thought."

"I'm sure you are not right there," said the River; "you will live in people's memories for a long time, and surely that's a kind of life worth having, isn't it?"

But the Elm only rustled indignantly, and the River went on by way of changing the subject, "I should have thought you'd have disliked the Winter more: surely there's more rain then."

"That only shows you've never had a leaf on you," answered the Elm. "But it isn't only the rain that makes me hate July, it's the way these boys talk. I heard two of them at it the other day. They go moping about the place saying, 'Five years is a long time, isn't it? One hates leaving a place after four or five years.' Four or five years indeed, and I've been here three hundred! What do *they* know about it? But, of course, you can't appreciate that: you never stay in any place more than a minute together, so naturally you can't understand what one feels!"

"Oh, I don't quite know about that," said the River; "of course in one sense I'm always going, but then in another sense I'm always here, and sometimes I feel that I am rather more like

the boys than you are, if you don't mind my saying so. I know it's rather confusing at first, but I've had a long time to think over it. You see, from one point of view they don't really go when they leave any more than I do; there is a great deal of them that stays behind: in fact, really you might say they never go till they die, and I don't much think that they altogether go then—at least, the best of them don't. I know my waters come back to me somehow, but that's Science and I never did understand that, and I know I'm always here however far I go, and that sounds like Metaphysics which is harder still. Of course this is all rather beyond me, and I am afraid it must sound very confused to you."

The River waited for an answer, but none came from the Elm, which was only murmuring rather sulkily, so the River went on talking without appearing to notice its rudeness.

"And so I always rather sympathize with them when they are leaving, and want to try to explain to them that they aren't *really* leaving the place even when they think they are. I tried once to make a song to sing to them as they drove over the Bridge for the last time, but I couldn't get on with it very far because it was in such a difficult metre. It began somehow like this—

'The term is ended,
 That can't be mended
 Nor time extended
 To keep you here,
 So be forgiving
 As off you're driving,
 And hear me giving
 This word of cheer.'

You see it *was* a very difficult metre, and the rhymes didn't go quite right at the end, so I tried again the other day and I hope this is just a little better. Anyhow the rhymes are pretty well all right, I think, and I know the sentiment's good, though I can't say much for the poetry.

'From mountains famed in story
 And upland vales I flow,
 And gather grace and glory
 With every league I go,
 But I, who flow for ever,
 Am still the same great river.

Through gloomy days and merry,
 Through hours of sun and rain,
 By bridge and ford and ferry
 I pass, yet still remain :
 Though all may change, the river
 Flows on, the same for ever.

And you whose days are done here,
 Take heart of grace and say,
 'Things faithfully begun here
 Pass not with us away ;'
 Then make an end of grieving
 There's no such thing as leaving !

And as my sons and daughters,
 In mist and cloud and rain,
 From ocean's mighty waters
 Return to me again,
 The dead you mourn for go not,
 But live in ways you know not.

Though here their days be over,
 From worlds beyond our ken
 Their homing spirits hover
 Round Shrewsbury again,
 Brave spirits, unregretful,
 Remembered, nor forgetful.

All who for Right have striven
 And all who died to save
 Have found the gift they'd given
 And saved the life they gave :
 Then make an end of sighing,
 For such there is no dying !'

"Of course I don't profess to be certain," said the River, "but at any rate that's what it looks like to me." It paused for an answer, but none came from the Elm, and when I went to bed the River was still singing the song to itself. Perhaps it is singing it still.

THE DRAFT

November 21, 1915.

I IMAGINE that the place must have been 'somewhere near the coast' as they say nowadays—perhaps near Southampton, but you know how confused the scenery is in dreams, and as I have never been to Southampton in my life, of course I can't be sure; but anyhow there I was, in charge of a draft of about seventy men with instructions to hand them over to the officer who would see about their embarkation. As most of you know, I am not a great expert in military affairs, so that it is quite likely that I have some of the details rather wrong, but anyhow I had managed to get them into some sort of formation—two deep, I think they were—and standing pretty steady, before the officer appeared on the scene. I was too much flustered at first to notice what he looked like, but I saluted as well as I could and waited for his instructions. "So this is the Shrewsbury draft," said he: "of course you have got all the necessary papers about them?" I did not quite know what these

papers were, but I managed to convey the impression that everything that was possible had been done in the way of training. "Right," said he, "then I need only just have a brief inspection; only their hearts and eyes, I think." I began to say something about their having passed their medical examination, but he had already begun walking down the ranks and I followed him, looking as intelligent as I could.

The first part of the inspection did not take very long. He had in his hand a small clear pebble which he turned on to each man as he passed. It gave out a bright light which seemed to show him all that he wished to see. Once or twice he stopped rather longer before some particular man, but on the whole the inspection seemed satisfactory. And when he had been all down the ranks he turned to me with a smile: "Yes, not bad," he said, "on the whole. The hearts aren't always very big; I daresay you've noticed one or two fellows in the second rank whose hearts were only about the size of a pea, and hardish too; you could almost hear them rattle as you looked at them. But most of them are quite the usual size, and I think they are all in the right place at present. Let's hope and pray they'll stay there," he added, almost under his breath.

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” said I, “ but I’ve always wondered what that phrase exactly meant— ‘ His heart’s in the right place ’—would you mind telling me just what it *does* mean ? ”

“ Well, where ought a man’s heart to be ? ” said he : “ I have known them in very queer places. Some people keep them in their purses, and some in their pockets, and some on their sleeves. But, of course, none of those things happen very often with boys : they are more apt to have them on the colours they wear, or the prizes they get, and sometimes even on the food they eat ; and I have even known one or two who kept their hearts in a pig-sty—set on the husks that the swine did eat, as the parable says.”

“ Yes, sir,” said I, “ I know what the wrong places are, but what’s the right place for a man’s heart ? ” But he only smiled at me and said half to himself, “ Set your affections on things above and not on things on the earth . . . for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

“ Now, then, for the eyes,” said he : “ of course we’ve got to take two things into consideration, what they’ve seen already and what they’re looking for.” I did not like to ask for another explanation, but he saw that I was puzzled and went on : “ It’s quite simple, just the same

principle as photography. The negative shows you the thing upside down and then you reverse it, and this machine of mine works on exactly the same principle." I had no doubt that it was really as simple as he said, but as I have never understood in the least how a photograph works I was not surprised that I failed to follow what he meant. So down the ranks he went again with what looked like a small camera in his hand, which he turned on to the eyes of each man as he passed. And when that was over, "Now," said he, "we will take this lot first; this shows us what they've seen to-day." As he spoke he was sorting them into two or three heaps. There was one that he tossed me over to look at: "Not much of a thing, that, for a fellow to be seeing on his Confirmation Day," he said. And I looked, and it was nothing but a confused picture of a few other people, some with their hair not brushed quite as well as that of the others, some looking rather shy and awkward, and a vague blur of parents and relations in the background.

"Thank Heaven there aren't many of them like that," said he: "this is a commoner kind." And he showed me a picture of a boy on his knees with his face hidden, with the Bishop's hands raised for a moment in blessing over his head.

“That’s not a bad thing to have seen to-day,” he said. And almost all the rest seemed to be like that. But just as he was speaking a change came over his face and he picked one photograph from the rest. I could make nothing out of it at first, but then I was just able to see very faintly the hem of a brodered robe and a hand stretched out to touch it. “Yes,” said my visitor, “there are some who have seen the Vision.” He had drawn himself up as an officer does when he hears the National Anthem, and he added very gravely, “For she said within herself, ‘If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be made whole.’”

“And now for what they see of the future,” he went on in another tone. “I am glad to see they most of them look forward to trouble ahead; it’s rather silly, after all, for a man to think he is going to get out of danger and difficulty for the future when he is really going to the Front. There are one or two who seem to think all their troubles are over, but they will find out their mistake soon enough, poor fellows, when they are once across the water. Well, well,” he went on, rising to his feet, “I’ll take them on now and march them down to the ship. You can trust me to look after them: after all, ships are a bit in my line, you know.”

And that made me put a question that had been on my lips for some time. "I beg pardon, sir," I said, "but I do know your face, don't I? Haven't I seen you in a stained glass window at some school or other, put there to look after the boys? Lower Chapel at Eton, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes," he said, "that's all right, Nicholas is my name; boys or ships, they both come alike to me. I like all fresh open-air things like that. Good-bye, I'll look after them all right: you'd better stay here; I expect you'll hear the noise they make when the ship goes off."

So I stayed behind, and waited and thought and tried to say a prayer or two. And after a bit, sure enough, the noise came up from the harbour as the people began to cheer when the great ship got under way. And whether it was really the cheering or the hymns that I had heard in the morning I can't be sure, but somehow all the noise fitted itself in my head to a kind of tune, and these were the words I seemed to hear: I know a great many of them are rather tags from other places, but, after all, you mustn't expect too much in a dream—

"Now the time of training's over and the lesson's learnt and done,

Truly learnt or half forgotten time will show;
New adventures lie before you in the life to-day begun,
For you're bound where every soldier wants to go.

Now the time has come upon you when your every thought
and deed

Like true metal in the furnace will be tried :

No more time to talk and teach you,—no more time and
little need,

As the troopship hangs a-swinging in the tide.

Will you taste the sudden glory of a battle in the light

With your friends to stand in honour by your side ?

Or a dreary lonely struggle through the dim inglorious night

With no comrade there to tell us how you died ?

Even there shall God be with you !—now the cheering dies
away,

We can hardly see you waving from the side,

But your friends will not forget you, nor your gallant hopes
to-day

As the troopship goes a-swinging down the tide.

When it's weary in the trenches and you're sick and out of
heart,

When your home is far, and honour but a name,

When necessity comes on you and you're called to play your
part,

You'll remember what you are and whence you came :

You'll remember those who cared for you, the words they
tried to say,

And their hopes for you, their love and faith and pride,

And you'll pay the debt of honour that you promised on
the day

When the troopship went a-swinging down the tide."

A CONVERSATION

July 23, 1916.

OF course buildings will not talk much when boys are about : it is not to be expected that they should : they say a good deal when every one is in school, or after locking-up. But the time they like best is a Sunday evening in summer just before Chapel. It's the quietest time in the whole year : the only sound is that which comes from the choir in Chapel, and there's never any one about but me, and they seem to have got used to that, so that they do not mind talking in my presence.

And so I wasn't surprised, this evening, to hear a conversation going on at that time between the Darwin Buildings and the Armoury : I wasn't surprised, but I was a good deal pleased, for I knew that they hadn't always been on the best of terms. There had been a dispute about a footpath which had put things very crooked between them ; and, besides that, it's rather a test of friendship to have to live so close together for so long, with never a chance of moving.

And so, I say, I was very glad to hear the Darwin Buildings say in quite a friendly tone: "And how do you think the war is going?" The Armoury was evidently pleased. "Oh, quite well, I think," it said, "though the casualty lists are bad reading. I seldom have that old song of the Shropshires out of my head, when I see these people out on parade—

‘ And you will list the bugle
That blows in lands of morn,
And make the foes of England
Be sorry you were born.

And you till trump of doomsday
On lands of morn may lie,
And make the hearts of comrades
Be heavy when you die.’

It's pretty nearly literally true nowadays," ended the Armoury with a sigh.

"Do you know," said the Darwin Buildings, "I have a confession to make. I used to think you were a bit of a pro-German; no doubt it was very stupid, but in old days 'blood and iron' seemed rather too Prussian for my taste. It's very different now."

The Armoury laughed tolerantly. "Well, I must say your conversion's been pretty complete! And I can't say too much of the way you've been helping us. Not but what," it went on, "I'm not at all sure you aren't spoiling the

game. Aeroplanes are all very well, though what Stonewall Jackson or the Duke would have made of them I can't imagine. But when it comes to gas and liquid fire and all that, I sometimes wish you'd left it alone. It's illogical, I know, and we gave the whole case away when we took to guns; but somehow a man and a horse and a sword seem the right things to make a battle out of; and when I think of an old scientific man who couldn't march a mile making all these devilish inventions, I confess I wish you'd kept out of it. But that's just like converts; they're always inclined to overdo it."

I must own that I was a little nervous when I heard this, for I was not at all sure how the Darwin Buildings would take it. But to my great relief it did not seem at all put out.

"Perhaps my conversion isn't quite as complete as all that," it said, smiling; "after all, this is an exceptional war, isn't it?" "Exceptional," said the Armoury, "I should just think it was! Why, I don't suppose that there's ever been a set of people like the Germans, so completely——" "Quite so, quite so," said the Darwin Buildings, "but that wasn't exactly what I meant. It's the *object* of this war that seems to me so different to any of the others, and that's why I'm so keen on it." "I don't see what you're driving at,"

said the Armoury. "My idea of the object of the war is to beat the Germans, and when I think——" "That's just it," said the Darwin Buildings, "I don't think you think enough. The object of the war is to finish war altogether : I don't say we shall do it this time, but that's what we're after. We've got to make this war as deadly and as desperate and as final as we know how, and then at last people will know how absurd it is."

Now, no one likes hearing his profession called absurd : and I wasn't surprised to see that the Armoury was getting a little ruffled ; but it kept its temper nobly. "I daresay it seems very absurd to you," it said ; "I'm not a superior person. I can't say I see anything very absurd in a man going and doing what he's told, to help his country at the risk of his life. It's generally thought rather fine. I know I'd rather have a son of mine dead with his wounds in front in a war like this, than have him a learned student in a laboratory."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said the Darwin Buildings, "don't misunderstand me ; of course I feel that as much as you. We've had our losses too :

' Haven't I held them on my knee,
Haven't I laughed to see them growing,
As likely lads as well could be,
Handsome, and brave, and not too knowing ? '

“Oh, I do know all that. But it’s the waste I mind. Surely we’ve got a chance after this of starting fresh again, and of getting a little more sense into the world. Fighting *is* a silly business when all’s said and done. What we have got to do is to ‘let the ape and tiger die’ out of us, as Tennyson says.”

The Armoury chuckled. “And do you remember what Bishop Creighton said?” it asked. “He said that, when you have got the ape and tiger out of people there still remains in them the donkey, a much more stubborn animal.”

“Quite so,” said the Darwin Buildings, “that is just what I say: people fight because they’re donkeys, and they are donkeys because they aren’t educated: and they aren’t educated because we don’t believe in education. Now if the people of this country were only scientifically trained they’d know there were better things to do than fighting. Fancy wasting our best brains when there are countless things crying out to be done at home! why if I had my way and people would listen to me we’d make a new country of it. A healthy and happy place, instead of one where 125 children out of every 1000 die before they are one, and three-quarters of the people live on the verge of starvation.”

“Oh, come,” said the Armoury, “that’s rather

strong. You've got your scientifically trained nation in Germany, and how do you like the results? Give me our old Public Schools after all. I'd rather have Edward Grey than Bethmann-Hollweg any day of the week: the Hall told me that the Headmaster said that the other day, and I thought it very good sense. Why, what *is* the object of education?"

And then a strange thing happened. I dare say you've noticed that a question like that is always sure to be answered by every one, whether he's qualified or not; and there began a rare medley of sound—old proverbial phrases bandied about so that one could hardly detach the sense from the sound.

"A sound mind in a sound body," said the fives courts, and the cricket field said, "Hear, hear!" "Train the eye and the hand," said the carpenter's shop. "Study Nature," said the museum. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," murmured the baths. "Rule, Britannia," cried the flagstaff; "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us!" As the din died down, I heard a voice which hadn't spoken before. "I know I'm very young," said the Moser Buildings, "but, after all, I've had a long time to think it over while I've been building, and I should like to say a word or two. You're both

right in a way, so far as I can see—and I don't like hearing people quarrel when there's nothing to quarrel about—but there's the Chapel bell beginning, and the boys will be coming past in a minute: I'd rather keep my ideas till next Sunday."

July 30, 1916.

"As I was saying," said the Moser Buildings,¹ "you're both right in a way, and yet you're both wrong: I know that's an irritating thing to say, but one gets to be broad-minded if one has to do with a library and sees all the different kinds of things there are to be learnt in the world. And my idea is that Beauty is the thing that matters."

The Armoury and the Darwin Buildings were plainly a little suspicious. "I don't know much about Art," said the latter, "and I can't say I see it has much to do with it. Both I and my friend here are plain people, and in our different ways we both want to get things done; we haven't the time to spend on considering whether things look pretty."

¹ The Moser Buildings contain a library, reading-room and picture gallery: Philomathes and Polumathes are two stone figures of Tudor schoolboys copied from those on the Old School in the town, and representing, it is thought, a boy when he comes and the same boy when he leaves,

“ Ah ! ” said the Moser Buildings, “ I see you think of Beauty in the narrow sense. I don’t mean that, though it’s a good thing in its way. But there’s Beauty in a scientific experiment, isn’t there ? You know a lot better than I do the splendid neatness and precision with which your people work. And there’s Beauty in soldiering, too, though it’s of a different kind. I don’t mean the Beauty of equipment : the Household Brigade charging on foot at Ypres were far more beautiful than they’d ever been on parade.”

“ Oh, that’s all right,” said the Armoury, appreciably mollified, “ but it doesn’t seem to get us much forrarder. Supposing we *are* all after Beauty, where is it to be found ? ”

“ Well,” said the Moser Buildings, “ there are two people whom I’ve had to do with lately who’ve taught me a lot about it, and they happen to represent your two professions : one’s Philip Sidney, and the other’s Darwin. You’d be surprised to know how those two get on together ; and yet it’s not so very surprising after all. One gave his life for his country, and the other gave his to the world ; but the point is that they both *gave* their lives for a cause they thought good. They both cared about truth more than anything else, and they neither of them despised small things. Sidney didn’t despise the common

soldier, and Darwin didn't despise the common earthworm; and that's why they both made names that will live for ever. Love the Truth, and give yourself for it—that's what Beauty is, and Education means knowing Beauty whenever and wherever you see it, and being ready to give your life for the cause. That's what they try to teach them here, and always have done. Ask these young gentlemen standing outside; they're always ready to talk about their school-days—rather nonsense it is sometimes, but they're nice boys. What do you think, Philomathes? Is there anything you can say about what you learnt at school?"

Philomathes was evidently delighted to have a chance of talking. "Of course I can," said he, "there are a lot of old school songs I could repeat to you if you like; of course they were in oldish English, but I've brought them up to date. There's a nice one that begins—

'When I first went to school, I was stupid and silly;
Full little I learnt, but I learnt willy-nilly. . . .'

"Oh, nonsense," said the Moser Buildings, "that's just swagger; you know you were always a very industrious little boy, though you pretend to be ashamed of it. Let's have something else."

"There's rather a nice one," said Philomathes,

“about the school as a whole : it’s rather long, but you won’t mind that.

‘For some the rule of a lord they love,
And for some of a prince they fear,
But for us the rule of a single school
Since the hour that brought us here.
For we bowed that day to the sovereign sway . . .’ ”

“Oh, we know all that,” said the Moser Buildings, “let’s get more into detail.”

“I’m sorry you don’t care for that,” said Philomathes, “there are some nice bits later on.

‘At work and game, as the seasons came,
Our crowns we laid at her feet,’

and

‘She sends us forth to South and North,
We range to East and West—’

wouldn’t you like that ? ”

“No, no,” said the Moser Buildings, “it’s all right, but it’s all so dreadfully commonplace. I must ask your brother.” “He’s not my brother,” said Philomathes, grinning, “he’s only me grown older.” “Older and wiser, I hope,” said the Moser Buildings. “Now then, Polumathes, can you tell us any more about it ? You’re called a learned fellow ; what *was* it you learnt at school ? ”

Polumathes seemed to be thinking hard,

“It’s not very easy to tell you,” he said at length, “perhaps it would be simpler if I sang you a little song I’ve made up about it. It’s not very good, I know, but it’s all true so far as it goes.” He cleared his throat and began; the tune was one I didn’t know, but he sang with great conviction—

“There is one great rule that is taught at school
To every Christian man;
Nay, Infidel, Heretick, Jew, and Turk
Know one commandment they may not shirk,
And that is the law that a boy must work
If he’d be a learned man.

And the second rule that is taught at school
To every Christian man
Is to seek for truth wherever it lies,
For truth it is that must make us wise,
And truth is the light that lightens the eyes
Of every learned man.

There’s a third great rule that they taught at school,
And this is the way it ran:
To fight for the things that a man loves most,
And to give his life, not counting the cost,
For a life so given is a life well lost—
Saith every learned man.

These be the rules that are taught in schools
Since first my days began;
To learn to serve ere you learn to rule,
Not to serve yourself, but to serve the school:
And he that keepeth them not is a fool,
As I am a learned man!”

“Bravo,” cried the Armoury, “that’s good sense; I agree with every word of it.” The Darwin Buildings was not quite so enthusiastic. “It sounds very nice,” it said, “and I don’t deny a good deal of it’s true; but I can’t say that the part about work and caring for truth is so well observed as the rest of it. And it’s all very well,” it went on, turning to the Moser Buildings, “but you haven’t really told us *why* a man should care about truth and self-sacrifice and all these things; we aren’t likely to find out the real object of education till we know that.” “Ah, there,” said the Moser Buildings, “you’re getting a bit out of my depth; I know Beauty’s a good thing, and I know there’s a lot more beauty to be found than most people look for, but when you ask me why it’s beautiful, or what all the fighting’s about, you get a little beyond me. Let’s ask the Chapel; it’s more the Chapel’s job to settle things like that. Have you been listening?” it went on, turning to the Chapel.

“Yes, I’ve heard it all,” said the Chapel, “and I think there’s a great deal in all that you’ve been saying. There’s only one thing you’ve left out, but it’s a bigish omission—and that’s the Devil. No, don’t say, ‘Hang theology,’” it added to the Darwin Buildings, which blushed scarlet: “I only mean that when you said last week that there was

lots of fighting to be done in peace, it was what I call the Devil that has to be fought. The Devil's the Father of Lies, just as much as he's the father of Selfishness, and the father of Ugliness; and you three are all fighting him in your different ways. He hates good soldiers, and he hates good artists, and I haven't the least doubt that he simply loathes good men of science. And as for our young friend here," it went on, looking at Polumathes, "perhaps what he said was a bit exuberant; but when is a fellow to let himself go a bit, if not when he's talking about his own school? And he's quite right in what he said about the things they try to teach them here; some learn better than others, of course, but I think they all learn a little. And anyhow, just when they're leaving, they try and remember what they've learnt. You'd know more about it if you'd had my chances of hearing them sing. There's a hymn they're practising to-night, for instance—why, there it is!" And in the distance we could all hear the music of the organ, and all the buildings were very silent as we listened to the words that were borne on the air—

"Lord, Thou hast brought us to our journey's end:
Once more to Thee our evening prayers ascend;
Once more we stand to praise Thee for the past;
Grant prayer and praise be honest at the last!"

For all the joys which Thou hast deigned to share,
For all the pains which Thou hast helped to bear,
For all our friends, in life and death the same,
We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy glorious name.

If from Thy paths, by chastening undismayed,
If for Thy gifts ungrateful, we have strayed,
If in Thy house our prayers were faint and few,
Forgive, O Lord, and build our hearts anew.

If we have learnt to feel our neighbour's need,
To fight for truth in thought and word and deed,
If these be lessons which the years have taught,
Then stablish, Lord, what Thou in us hast wrought.

So be our rest Thy palaces most fair,
Not built with hands, whose stones Thy praise declare :
Where war is not, and all Thy sons are free,
Where Thou art known, and all is known in Thee ! ”

THE CHAPEL BAZAAR

November 25, 1916.

You know how when one thinks about things they have a way of falling into threes : good, bad, and indifferent ; right, middle, and left ; past, present, and future, and so on. I say this because it helps to account for a dream I had last night. Of course I had been thinking about the people who were to be confirmed to-day, and wondering how they would turn out. Would they be failures, or respectable people, or really first-rate ; would they go for comfort, or ambition, or the things that really matter ; would they care more about their bodies, or more about their minds, or more about their souls ? And, of course, I had been thinking about the service we should have to-day. If you add these ideas together and mix them up in your mind, you will understand the kind of result that happened in my dream.

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One is getting quite used nowadays to seeing buildings adapted to strange purposes, but I

confess that it was rather a shock to find that the whole inside arrangement of Chapel had been so completely altered. At first I thought it had been made into a kind of Pay-Office, for there was some one sitting in the Ante-Chapel engaged apparently in changing money. But when I got inside I found the changes had gone further still. The East end, for instance, was boarded up with a door on which was written, "No Admission except for those strictly on Business;" and the two sides, which both seemed to have grown a great deal larger, had been divided off and made into separate rooms. And there was a notice up, running all round the Chapel beginning from the East end, "Gold for the Things of Gold, Silver for the Things of Silver, and Copper for the Things of Copper."

I went into the room on the left, which seemed from the wording of the notice to be devoted to Copper goods, but when I got inside I could see nothing which answered to that description. One or two of the counters seemed to be given over to what were called "Athletic Objects," such as bats and oars and pads and footballs, while the side door, headed, "To the Grown-up Department," led to what was apparently a Garage full of cars of all descriptions. Not being much interested in these I turned to a counter

labelled "Abstractions," and found a most affable salesman ready to explain the value of his wares.

"Here, now, for instance, sir," he said, "are some packets of Health. Quite indispensable for any gentleman, and particularly, if I may say so, for an Englishman like you; and there is no doubt it's ridiculously cheap at the price. I have known gentlemen come back year after year and spend practically all their money on nothing else. Or then, again, there are these packets of Popularity, wonderfully cheap they are, though, of course, they do not last long."

An elderly gentleman, who had been listening to our conversation, cut in at this point.

"Nonsense," he said, "that is a mere waste of money. But what you said about Health was quite true. I have spent all my money on exercise and health, and never regretted it. They tried to get me to spend my money in the Silver Room, but I was not such a fool as that. What I like about this shop," he went on confidentially, "is that you are always pretty sure of getting what you want. Don't expect too much and you won't be disappointed, that's what I say. Now in the Silver Room there's a great deal of luck about what you get; and as for the Gold, from all they tell me that is a perfect gamble.

No! no! Health, and exercise, and comfort,
you know where you are with them.

‘ The stars and sounding vanities
That half the crowd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that treads the pitch?
And where’s the wealth, I’m wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Towards the twilight goal?’ ”

The salesman looked after him with a smile as he went off whistling.

“ He’s one of the best of my customers,” said he, “ I wish they were all as nice as that. Excuse me for a moment.” And he went away to serve with visible dissatisfaction a rather stout customer, who had come to demand several large packets labelled “ Comfort.” “ That is the more usual type,” he went on, as soon as his customer’s back was turned; “ and it really is rather sickening to see the way they waste their money on things like that, when they might have got what was quite worth having even at the Silver Shop. And it’s just the same with boys: I never much mind their spending their money on cups and shields and colours: but I had a young gentleman in here the other day who had changed all his silver—and he had quite a good supply—

and came and asked for a lot of the cheapest brand of Popularity : I really thought that was rather too strong and very nearly turned him out of the shop."

"Forgive my mentioning it," said I, "but you don't seem a very enthusiastic salesman."

"Why should I be?" said he, "I am only here because some one has to do it ; and I am not such a fool as not to know that the other shops give better value for money than we do here. You had better go and see for yourself," he went on, and as I went away I heard him telling two or three boys, who came up with their pennies to spend on packets of Notoriety, to go and apply at the Children's Corner.

So I took his advice and went across into the shop where the things of Silver were on sale, and certainly I found myself in a very different atmosphere. The large room was full of beautiful things, books and pictures and furniture and musical instruments. There were cases of Stars and Garters, and ribbons of all Orders ; and the walls were hung with pictures of the most famous men and women in history. But, here again, I was more interested in the counter labelled "Abstractions," and there I saw all kinds of Fame made up into neat packets : Military Glory, and Artistic Distinction, and Literary Success,

and Popularity of a more expensive brand than I had seen across the way.

"How is business with you?" I asked a salesman at this counter.

"Oh! we never have any lack of customers here," said he; "barristers and soldiers and politicians, artists and authors; I am sometimes surprised that there is Glory enough to go round."

"Do you get many boys in here?" I asked.

"No," said he, "not many; the things we sell are mostly beyond their means. But a good many come in to look round, and save up their silver till they can afford to get something worth having.

"I see you are looking at these pictures of Nelson," he went on. "They are a wonderful advertisement, for he spent all he had to spend at this shop; and I have never heard that he was dissatisfied with the bargain. But, of course, he was most particular always to have the very best quality: silver gilt a lot of it was."

"Are any of them ever dissatisfied?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "We have some rather painful scenes sometimes, because, though we do the best we can, a good deal of this Glory tarnishes rather easily, and people sometimes come back and make complaints. We had several politicians back here complaining only the other

day : and then there are the poets. It was really very difficult, for instance, to explain to Lord Byron that we had never guaranteed that his Glory would last for ever. And then there was poor old Milton, who only found, after he was dead, that he had got into the wrong shop through being blind ; and had spent all his money on things of Silver when he meant to have spent it on things of Gold. That was a very sad case."

"But what is your own opinion about it all ? " I asked ; "do you really feel justified in letting them spend so much money here ; and change their gold into silver for things like these ? "

"Oh ! that is not my business," he answered. "You had better go to the Gold Shop yourself and form your own opinion."

So I went away, though I confess I was sorry to leave so attractive a room, and made my way to the East end where, as I said, there was a heavy door tightly shut. I knocked timidly and it was opened at once by a charming young salesman, who closed it rapidly behind me.

"We have to be so careful," said he, "in case of fire. I am sure you understand." I did not understand in the least, but I did not like to ask him, so I said nothing and tried to look intelligent. "What can I do for you ? " he asked. "I hardly know," I said. "I just wanted to look

round. I am afraid I ought not to have come in without being sure of what I wanted."

"Oh, don't bother about that," he answered. "We are always having people here in that frame of mind; you have no idea how vague some of my customers are. Sometimes they say they want Goodness, and sometimes they want Strength, and sometimes they just come and say they want a Quality which some one else has got and they are not quite sure what it is."

"And how do you deal with them?" I asked.

"Oh, one does the best one can," he answered. "One just gives them a sample on trial, and tells them to come back if they find it suits them; but perhaps you would like to look round the shop and see for yourself." The light was very bad and I could hardly make out what there was for sale, but I was much too shy to tell him so.

At first sight there was hardly anything to be seen; but the first thing that caught my eye was a certain number of suits of khaki, lying on a counter.

"I thought I had seen those in the other shops?" said I.

"Ah, yes!" said he; "they do keep them in both the other shops, but these are rather a finer quality; and we don't exactly sell them,"

he went on, "we give them away. In fact," he added, in a burst of confidence, "there is no doubt that is the difficulty in this shop. You see these big jars, for instance, labelled 'Peace' and 'Happiness.' Well, people are always coming here and asking for some of them, and what the price is; and they get so annoyed when I tell them you cannot sell them retail, and that the price is everything they have got. Of course it suits me all right," he went on, "for I never had a head for figures. And it is such a simple rule to say that you have got to give everything for everything, but I know it is confusing to the customers at first. Fire, for instance," he went on, "that is the thing we sell most of; and, of course, there is no such thing as really selling a little bit of Fire. You sell it small and it turns out big."

"And then, I suppose, they blame you?" I said. "It must be very awkward for them to find that they have got so much more than they bargained for."

"No," he said, "they never complain. You see, the fact is they usually get consumed themselves. Perhaps you will understand it better if I show you the pictures. We have exhibitions of them every hour or so. There is one just beginning now."

So I looked over the Altar and there I saw in front, where the Cross usually stands, there was a fire burning, and as I watched a man came and stood by the side warming his hands at the blaze.

“Of course the fire is really inside him,” whispered my guide in my ear. “But it is very difficult to represent that in a picture.”

And as I watched, the man began to make up the fire for himself. He had a good deal of luggage with him, and he threw on, first of all, a cricket bat or two, and then some books, and then by degrees everything that he had. And still the fire burnt higher and higher. At last he had nothing else left to put on.

“What will he do now?” I whispered to my guide.

“Look and see,” he answered.

And sure enough, as he was speaking, the man gathered himself together and sprang into the fire himself. I jumped up with a cry. But my guide put his hand on my shoulder.

“It will be all right,” he said, “just wait a minute or two.” And as I watched, I saw that though the fire seemed to have no power over him, the blaze burnt up higher and higher than before; and a voice sounded in my ears, though I could see no one that spoke, saying—

“Let us sing the song of the three children, which they sang when they blessed the Lord in the furnace of fire.” And the whole room joined in the words that rose—

“O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

“O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord : praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

“O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord : praise Him and magnify Him for ever.”

As I was listening there came a hurried knocking at the door behind us and the salesman hastened away to see what was wanted. And I heard an anxious voice saying—

“Can you possibly let me in? I have spent all my money and I have changed all my gold, but I do want to come in.”

“Oh, please let him in,” I cried. “He would like to see the pictures, at any rate.” But my petitions were quite needless.

“It is all right,” said the shopman. “We never refuse anybody here. That is the other secret,” he went on, turning to me with a smile. “You must give everything that you have got for the things that really matter, and then you will find in the end that they are given away after all.

‘ Earth takes its price for what Earth gives us,
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in :
It is only Heaven that is given away,
It is God alone can be had for the asking.’ ”

And with those words ringing in my ears I
awoke.

APPENDIX

I HAVE thought that it might be of interest to Salopians if I included in an Appendix various hymns and verses with which they are familiar ; I have added a few notes as to the circumstances in which they arose—

I. CARMEN SALOPIENSE

“ Rex Edwarde, te canamus
Pium Fundatorem,
Nec, sodales, sileamus
Regiam sororem :
Mente prosequamur grata
Regem et reginam,
Fautricemque amœna prata
Resonent Sabrinam !
Floreat Salopia !

Non tacendum'st hic priorum
Nobilem cohortem :
Plenam vitam huic honorum,
Pleniorum mortem :
Illius nec nomen turpis
Obruat robigo,
Qui humanæ docet stirpis
Unde sit origo.
Floreat Salopia !

APPENDIX

Ceteri dum magistrorum
 Lugent breve fatum,
 Fas iactare informatorum
 Hic triumviratum :
 Nostra tum iubente nympha
 (Rudis forte si sis)
 Exardebat Cami lympha,
 Exardebat Isis.
 Floreat Salopia !

Nimiis stipata turbis,
 Annis plus trecenis,
 Sedem schola liquit urbis
 Imparem Camenis :
 Nescit studium mutari,
 Quique alumnos pridem,
 Nominis amor præclari
 Nos exercet idem.
 Floreat Salopia !

Editique caro colle
 Matri quam amamus
 Arte, libro, remo, folle
 Gloriam petamus :
 Sic futuros hic per annos
 Laus accumulatur,
 Sic per ultimos Britannos
 Nomen celebretur !
 Floreat Salopia !”

Written in 1910, set to music by W. H. Moore, Esq., and first sung at the School Concert in that year.

2. THE SCHOOL AT WAR

“ We don’t forget—while in this dark December
 We sit in schoolrooms that you know so well,
 And hear the sounds that you so well remember—
 The clock, the hurrying feet, the chapel bell :

Others are sitting in the seats you sat in ;
There's nothing else seems altered here—and yet
Through all of it, the same old Greek and Latin,
You know we don't forget.

We don't forget you—in the wintry weather
You man the trench or tramp the frozen snow ;
We play the games we used to play together
In days of peace that seem so long ago ;
But through it all, the shouting and the cheering,
Those other hosts in graver conflict met,
Those other sadder sounds your ears are hearing,
Be sure we don't forget.

And you, our brothers, who, for all our praying,
To this dear school of ours come back no more ;
Who lie, our country's debt of honour paying—
And not in vain—upon the Belgian shore ;
Till that great day when at the Throne in Heaven
The Books are opened and the Judgment set,
Your lives for honour and for England given
The School will not forget."

These verses were first published in *The Times* of December 19, 1914, and have been set to music by A. M. Goodhart, Esq., of Eton College.

3. AN EVENING HYMN

" Our day is done : O Thou that art the light,
Accept the praise that here has hailed Thy name :
O Thou in light and darkness still the same,
Accept us, Lord, into Thine arms this night.

Not ours the song which Thy redeemed can raise,
The blessed Saints around Thy sapphire throne,
Yet deign, O Lord, our humbler hymns to own,
And mould our lives to nobler notes of praise.

So, when these eyes Thy suns no more shall see,
 Grant us to know our anthem has been heard,
 And with all Saints that have believed Thy word
 Grant us to rest and wake at last in Thee."

This was written to an old Manx melody which has been harmonized as a hymn tune under the name of Peel Castle.

4. "THE LORD OF HOSTS"

"The Lord of Hosts our King shall be,
 Whatever foes assail us;
 A mighty man of war is He
 Whose arm shall never fail us.
 The Gods of silver and of gold,
 Men's hands and brains have wrought them,
 We scorn and fight them, as of old
 Our fathers scorned and fought them.

Lord God of Hosts, through whom alone
 A prince can rule his nation,
 Who settest kings upon their throne
 And orderest each man's station,
 Now and through ages following
 This grace to us be given
 To serve and love an earthly king
 Who serves our King in Heaven!

Lord God of Hosts, arise, arise,
 Be jealous for Thine honour!
 Save England from her enemies,
 And pour such grace upon her
 That from her sins, her foolish pride,
 And all her vain endeavour,
 Redeemed, released, and purified,
 She serve her King for ever!"

This hymn was originally written for Coronation Day, June 22, 1911, to Sullivan's well-known tune Bishopton, but has since been used as a War Hymn.

5. "COME, YE PEOPLE, RISE AND SING"

"Come, ye people, rise and sing
Praise to God who made you,
And to Heaven's eternal King
Bring the prayers He bade you ;
Bring your praise for mercies past,
All His love confessing,
And on life, while life shall last,
Ask your Father's blessing.

Praise we God the Father's name
For our world's creation,
And His saving health proclaim
Unto every nation ;
Till, His name by all confessed,
Every heart enthrone Him,
And from furthest East to West
All His children own Him.

Praise we God the only Son,
Who in mercy sought us ;
Born to save a world undone,
Out of death He brought us ;
Here awhile He showed His love,
Suffered uncomplaining,
Now He pleads for us above,
Risen, ascended, reigning !

Grant us, Holy Ghost, we pray
More and more to know Him,
More and more and every day
In our lives to show Him ;
That with hearts by Thee made brave,
Strong and wise and tender,
We, with all the powers we have,
Service meet may render.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Help us to adore Thee,
 Till, with all the angel host,
 Low we fall before Thee;
 Till, throughout our earthly days
 Guided, loved, forgiven,
 We can blend our songs of praise
 With the song of Heaven!"

This hymn was originally written for a tune of Dr. Sinclair's for a Musical Festival at Hereford Cathedral. It has been used at Shrewsbury to the tune of 133 A. & M.

6. "AWAKE, AWAKE, PUT ON THY STRENGTH, O ZION"

Consolamini, consolamini, popule meus, dicit, Deus vester.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion,
 God's purpose tarries but His will stands fast;
 Of Judah's tribe is born the mighty Lion,
 And man shall bruise the serpent's head at last.
 Promise and covenant God surely keeps;
 He watching over us slumbers not nor sleeps.

For now the low estate of His handmaiden
 God hath regarded and she shall be blest;
 Hear Him that saith, 'Come, all ye heavy laden,
 Come unto Me and I will give you rest.'
 Promise and covenant God surely keeps;
 He watching over us slumbers not nor sleeps.

'Ho, ye that thirst, the pleasant fountains wait you;
 Ye that are poor, ye shall be freely fed;
 Why give ye gold for wine that cannot sate you?
 Why strive your hands for that which is not bread?'
 Promise and covenant God surely keeps;
 He watching over us slumbers not nor sleeps.

Scornful we looked, and lo ! His face was stained,
His visage marred beyond the sons of men ;
Yet those His stripes our life and peace regainèd,
Those hands shall heal us that were piercèd then.
Promise and covenant God surely keeps ;
He watching over us slumbers not nor sleeps.

Arise and shine, thy battlements are shining,
Upon thee breaks the glory of the Lord ;
And from the East, thy royalty divining,
The Gentiles come to see thy peace restored.
Promise and covenant God surely keeps ;
He watching over us slumbers not nor sleeps."

This hymn was written as an attempt to redeem the tune of 223 (A. & M.), which is very popular with boys, from the words with which it is ordinarily associated. All that is best in it was composed by the Rev. R. A. Knox, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and I can only claim to have suggested the idea and to have written the rest of the hymn.

7. "ONE DAY, OF FEASTS THE KINDLIEST"

" One day, of feasts the kindliest,
Let Saint and sinner join to keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep ;

The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet ;

The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine,
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

[About their brows e'en now appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright,

Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.]

Grant, King of Saints, that day by day
 We follow where their feet have trod,
 The open unfrequented way
 That leads to glory and to God ! ”

This hymn is, of course, in the main Mr. Lowell's well-known verses for All Saints' Day. It was necessary, however, to alter the first two lines, which ran originally—

“ One day, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,”

which did not seem suitable for singing even when altered to the plural number. The last verse has also been added.

8. VESPER HYMN

Visitavit nos, oriens ex alto, illuminare his, qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent : ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.

“ Thou Who art, as the Scripture saith,
 The One True Light that lighteneth,
 Lighten, O Lord, in the shadow of death
 Thy people for whom we pray.

Lord, Who art victor o'er death and pain,
Giving the widow her son again,
Help, when the comfort of man is vain,
Thy people for whom we pray.

King, by the living and dead adored,
Light and darkness obey Thy word,
Guide to the way of peace, O Lord,
Thy people for whom we pray."

These lines, sung as a Vesper Hymn at Shrewsbury, were written for a tune composed by T. P. M. Bevan, at the time a boy in my house, now 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards. The words and music have been published by Novello.

9. "FOR ALL OUR FRIENDS"

"For all our friends who, near or far,
Heard and obeyed the call of war,
For deeds determined, dared, and done,
We praise Thee, Father, Spirit, Son.

On earth, in air, by sea or land,
Their times are in their Father's hand;
Teach them to know that Thou art nigh,
And unto Thee they live or die.

O Thou, strong Spirit, cheer and bless
Their hours of fear or loneliness,
And give us grace our work to find,
And serve Thee with a quiet mind.

And grant that, through the grave's dark door,
Our friends and we may meet once more,
Through Christ our Lord, Himself Who gave
In life to serve, in death to save."

These lines represent an attempt to make it possible to use the fine tune of Hymn A. & M. 126 (2) on other occasions than in Easter week.

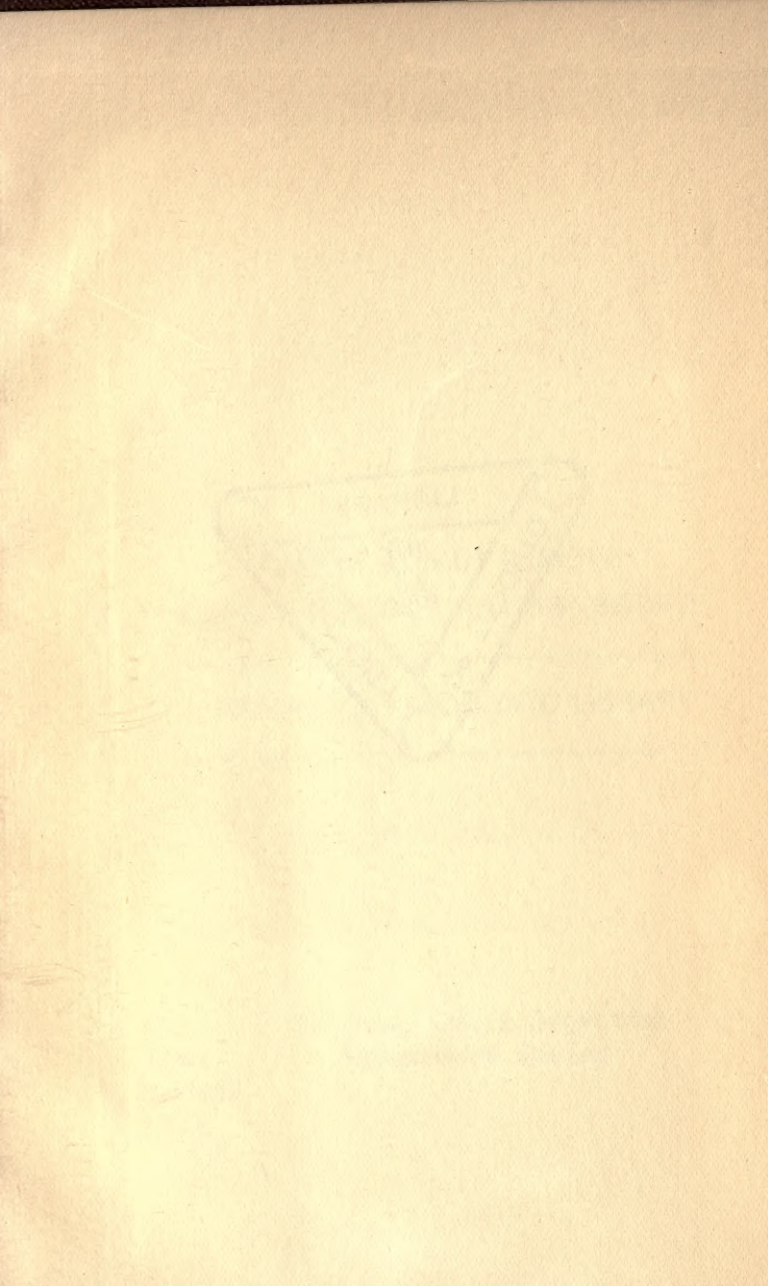
10. "GOD THE FATHER, THRONED IN
SPLENDOUR"

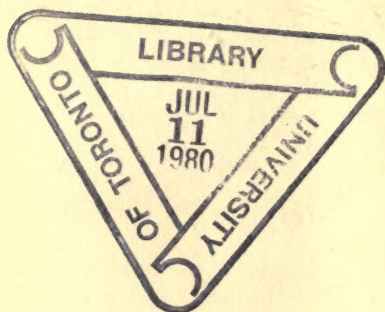
"God the Father, throned in splendour,
God the Son, incarnate Love,
God the Spirit, strong and tender,
Sent to aid us from above,
Wheresoe'er, within, around us,
Satan's angels draw their sword,
There Thy trumpet call has found us,
'Join the battle of the Lord.'

'Gainst the legioned hosts of evil,
Foes to Life and Love and Light,
'Gainst the armies of the devil
Thou hast sent us forth to fight;
Thine we are—and may Thy sending
Find us ready to obey;
Then be Thine the praise unending
That shall crown the hard-fought day.

All the glory we would win us
Comes from Thee and is Thine own;
Therefore now, O Christ, within us
Finish that Thou would'st have done:
So when death our guard relieving
Finds us faithful in the strife,
We may die, Thy word believing,
'I have come to give them life.'"

This hymn was written for a tune for which the words proved unsuitable: it has consequently been very seldom sung. I reprint it merely for the pleasure of reminding myself what was thought and said about it by the Public School Hymn Book Committee. To avoid misunderstanding, I may add that it will not be found in their collection.





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